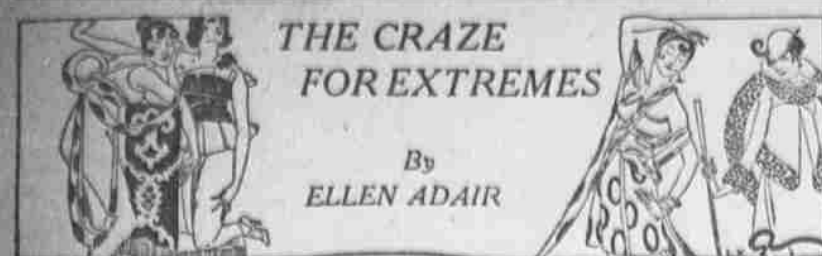


WOMAN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS



THE CRAZE FOR EXTREMES

By ELLEN ADAIR

Woman and Eccentricities

A craze for extremes is the keynote of the present restless times. It is the day of superlatives, the day of exaggerations, the day of hysteria. In thought, in art, in literature, in social life and social display, and above all in the fashion of women's clothes, the craze for extremes is all too evident.

What the modern girl is coming to in her passion for freak fashions is a genuine puzzle. She literally knows no limit. Nothing is too appalling and impossible for her taste. With her hair strained back from her face in the dreadful "skinned rabbit" style, her eyes drawn up at the corners in real Chinese fashion, her eyebrows arched and shaped and trimmed till they look like nothing on earth, the "tout ensemble" is a little startling, to say the least of it. Combined with this, her little nose is powdered to such an extent that she looks as if she had fallen into the flour bin by mistake, and as for other "aids"—well, she firmly believes that painting the lily only adds to the beauty and charm of the flower.

Leaving the craze for facial adornment and proceeding to the craze for fantastic clothes, the modern girl does certainly excel all known rules. The Cubist styles are not alone confined to paintings, by the way. The modern dame is a regular Cubist sketch herself. Her clothes are in the Futuristic style, and much more so than is flattering, too.

Nowadays it is hard to distinguish the schoolgirl from the demi-mondaine. That

such should be the case is deplorable, but true. Sweet Sixteen swings along the pavements with her power, her paint, her freakish clothes, her extraordinary coiffure, and her impossible little hats perched rakishly on one side of her plastered hair, looking for all the world as if she had been dining not wisely but too well. Her air is confident, to say the least of it. It is even bordering on the impudent. She eyes the passer-by with a cynical and haughty stare. No wonder that one cannot distinguish her status or her calling. She is so odd and so garish that she might well fulfil any role, judging from externals. And after all, we must judge more or less from externals. If a girl looks like the demi-mondaine she is not, we cannot blame outsiders for misjudging her. It is not their fault.

The craze for extremes is not alone confined to fashions. It appears in manners, particularly. "Individuality," give us individually! is the cry of the modern woman. But if individuality is to be interpreted as eccentricity, as in nine cases out of ten it is interpreted by the enthusiast, then let us insist loudly. For the woman who has eccentric manners is a trial to every one. For example, it will be found that the woman who prides herself on rudeness imagines that she is intensely original. She is "diving out her own personality," her admirers will assure you. Nothing of the sort! Her manners are not original, for anybody can be rude. There is no virtue in bluntness. This craze for extremes is causing endless trouble at present. Not until it has calmed down a little will women enter into a saner and a more rational method of life.

Suggestions From Readers of the Evening Ledger

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY

For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prizes of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded. All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Miss Dolly, 415 Preston street, West Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:

The field for table decoration is wide and varied, and yet is apt to lack just the distinctive touch which makes or mars the occasion. Of course, elaborateness in any form is appalling, but simplicity of decoration can be made just as attractive.

For a dinner the cloth of finest damask, with napkins to match, is in itself a decoration. The centerpiece could be a basket of daffodils, gracefully arranged, and set on a silver tray is exquisite. No centerpiece or doilies are necessary. The luncheon may be made most attractive by using a Madeira luncheon set, with a host of roses and trailing arabia. One beautiful dinner decoration is composed of heads of endive salad, carefully selected, into which the florist has put pink roses or carnations. The heads are then made into a pyramid, and if you have electricity the tiny lights placed here and there produce a novel effect.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Helen Nunn, 2012 North 21st street, for the following suggestion:

When your light burns poorly your mantle probably is black. Remove the globe, get a salt shaker and shake all the salt on it that it will hold, turn on the gaslight and let it burn until all the black is off, turn off the light, replace the globe and light it in the usual way and the mantle has a new lease on life.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Miss Edna Macgowan, 4701 Wayne avenue, Germantown, Pa., for the following suggestion:

For the modern housekeeper who has no range on the back of which to dry her heating pots and pans, the flat top of the steam radiator is an excellent substitute in winter time. The top of the radiator is also a good place to keep the stoves for the fireless cooker. They will then be always hot and will use only about a third of the gas necessary to bring them to the proper temperature ordinarily.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mary Ryan, 152 Merion avenue, Netherth, Pa., for the following suggestion:

A NOVEL WAY OF SERVING ICE CREAM.

At any hardware store purchase a number of the smallest size of ordinary brown flower pots. Line them with wax paper and fill with ice cream, sprinkle cocoa on the top and stick a carnation in each one. Each guest will be delighted with his "plant," and you may give the flower pots for similar use in the future.



A STUNNING TROTTEUR FOR MIDSEASON



Interesting New Suits

Although I am not buying any more clothes for myself at present, I am much interested in the new styles, as a girl friend of mine is busily collecting a trousseau.

She has just got a very attractive little suit, in the military style, with a full, high-waisted skirt and a cute short coat, braided across with the military frogs and a smart high collar.

Another suit of hers is of black-and-white check wool. The skirt has a broad panel front and a circular back. The jacket, which extends only to the waist line, is made on straight lines, and is single-breasted, with pointed revers. It has roll collars on the back and long sleeves with large patch pockets. These pockets are embroidered with red chenille, and this embroidery continues over the white checks of the sleeves and round the bottom of the coat. On each pocket is a simulated buttonhole, and tiny buttons of the chenille. The simulated cuffs are deep and pointed. The little bride-to-be looks very smart in both of these suits. She has also got a lovely evening gown of pale blue taffeta.

The foundation hem and the waist are two-tone silver-and-white lace. The taffeta skirt is short, very full, and cut in deep points at the bottom. It is also into the natural waist line, and the waist which is of silver lace with a touch of white, has a low, turn-down neck. From the waist line to just below the bustline is a pointed taffeta band. The whole effect is exquisite.

My friend is not buying too many suits for her trousseau, as styles change so very quickly that she would be hopelessly "antiquated" if she did. I do think this plan is sensible. Until the last year or so, every bride used to stock herself with an array of gowns and suits that would almost last a lifetime! Some she grew tired of them, and wanted to buy something new, but with such an increasing array of garments suitable for every occasion the bride felt that it would be sinful to add to the vast stock.

However, the brides of this year make no such foolish mistakes. I am looking forward to the wedding of my friend, which is going to be quite an imposing affair.

Wisdom

Alas! how easily things go wrong! A sigh too much, or a kiss too long, And there follows a mist and a weeping rain, And life is never the same again.

Alas! how hardly things go right! It is hard to watch on a summer's night; For the sigh will come and the kiss will stay, And the summer's night is a winter's day.

—George MacDonald

Across the Counter

This is the time to buy your summer lingerie, and the shops are showing charming little models which few women can resist.

Envelope combinations are very popular at present, and one Chestnut street store has a delightful variety of them. The plain style, with Val edging, and a dainty washable ribbon trimming, is \$1. Crepe de chine still holds the foremost

place in fancy underwear. A straight chemise, of pale pink, or all white material, with hemstitched seams, costs \$1.

A lovely little party petticoat is made of pink crepe de chine with a pleated edge of shadow lace. This has French down draped around the flounce and a bow of soft satin ribbon in the front. It sells for \$4.50.

For ALL Household Uses

Dobbins Electric SOAP

Been on the market 33 years and still a favorite among particular housewives. Try it on your next wash day. The trading stamps each wrap one. Ask your grocer.

CLEANING THE GAS STOVE

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

AUTHOR "THE NEW HOUSEKEEPING."

If there is one thing the city woman has to be thankful for, it is the opportunity to use a fuel as clean, easy to operate and without waste products, as gas. Compared to the old coal range with ashes, dust, labor of coaling, the gas stove seems like a magic equipment. Turn the lever to the left and you have a fire. Turn to the right and it is gone!

But even this easiest of all stoves to keep clean requires slight daily care. It goes without saying that the neater and more careful the worker the less dirt she will make for herself around the stove. Neglected pots will surely "boil over" with disastrous results to burner and tray beneath. Matches needlessly dropped into the same tray accumulate, clog and make the stove unsightly. It is best to have a double receptacle, like two small apic cans, on or near enough to the stove to make it impossible to drop burned matches anywhere but in the boxes. Again, the operation of the burners should be so completely under control, and the amount of material in the utensils gauged so exactly that there will be no excuse for any boiling over.

Most of the stoves, even the small rented ranges, can be fitted with white enamel trays instead of the older type trays of galvanized or sheet iron, which were black, unattractive and very difficult to clean. The enamel trays cost from 50 cents up, are very easy to wash and always give a clean, sanitary appearance to the upper part of the stove.

Not all housekeepers know that the top burners of the stove lift off very easily, fitting, as they do, into the socket or pipe which connects them with the gas supply. On wash-day or other convenient times all the burners but one can be removed and placed in a large utensil of scalding water with strong soap or washing soda and boiled for a half an hour. When rinsed and dried, they will be found free from grease and can be adjusted back into place. The same result can be obtained even more easily if it is possible to lay the burners on a bed of hot coals for the same time, as can be done if a furnace fire is convenient. This burns out the dirt and the grease, too, and can give the same treatment.

It is best not to use a graphite polish on a gas stove, because this means daily renewal and it is never as successful on gas as on a coal stove, where it is affected by the heat. For the few parts which are apt to become greasy the best treatment is daily wiping off with crumpled newspaper. In addition, a flannel rag, saturated with linseed oil, can be rubbed over the parts, and this is all that will be needed to keep the stove sparkling and span. There are certain liquid permanent finishes which some like on a stove. These are applied with a brush, dry hard, and have a glossy, black enamel finish. All the metal parts of the stove can be thus treated, and this finish requires very little care.

Scrupulous care should be used in keeping the broiler and oven drip-pan clean. The oven, too, should have a weekly brushing out and wiping with a linseed cloth. This will prevent rust and easily remove dust accumulations underneath the oven. If the stove is to be an efficient

silent cooking medium, it must be kept clean, the air valves properly adjusted, burners unclogged and the whole surface of the stove such that the worker will be able to keep neat while working at it.

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAVER MORRIS

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harrogate School, of which John Erleigh is head master. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Merlet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, warns John that there is a danger to the boy out of the south. Dick Merlet, a cousin, and in time for the inheritance of the great Wimberley estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plot is a romance, a science master, Mrs. Travers, who has held John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was described by the man who killed her, and this was the man who was killed by John Erleigh. Mrs. Travers does not know this, but her brother, the father of her child, James.

James Travers falls in love with Guy's sister, Joan, in an automobile accident he saves her life, but loses his right hand, and his career as a pianist. Mrs. Travers and Vertigan and informs him that if he exposes Erleigh, he will expose him. Wimberley takes his motor car for a trip home. The car breaks down. After walking half a mile Wimberley trips over an obstruction. When he awakens he finds himself in an old barn. Binding over him is Doctor Anderson, of John Erleigh's school. Doctor Anderson and an assistant attempt to transport him across a river. In a struggle Wimberley draws his revolver, fires and makes his escape.

Lord Arthur discovers Vertigan wounded. He says he was following two men who had attempted to kidnap Guy Wimberley. Lord Arthur disbelieves the story and demands from Erleigh that Vertigan be disavowed. The truth is that Doctor Anderson, who attempted the kidnapping, is in a plot of which Vertigan knows nothing. James Travers is deeply in love with Lady Joan.

Her mother and his mother agree that the children must not be encouraged. Without warning, Guy Wimberley disappears. Erleigh tells Anne that the boy has run away. After Lord Arthur's accusation against Mrs. Travers, Erleigh goes to London.

Mrs. Travers denies all knowledge of the boy's whereabouts. Fifteen thousand pounds is demanded for the return of Guy. Lady Anne agrees to pay it. Lord Arthur and Denham take the money to an island and wait. A boat drifts to them. In it is a dead man. The detectives are baffled. Lady Anne, on the verge of collapse, almost says John Erleigh's secret from him. Lord Arthur gives John Erleigh one week in which to break off his engagement to Lady Anne Wimberley.

CHAPTER XXII—(Continued)

He went to the sideboard, took a cut-glass bottle out of a tantalus, poured some brandy into a glass and filled the glass up with soda water. He offered it to Erleigh, but the latter thrust it aside.

"No, thank you, Russell," he said. "You mean well, but I don't want it. I'll have a smoke—I think that will calm me."

He fumbled in his pocket, found his pipe and began to fill it with tobacco, spilling more on the carpet than he put into the bowl. He struck half a dozen matches before he got the tobacco alight.

"That's better, sir," said the inspector. "Now I'll just tell you all there is to tell."

John Erleigh sat down by the table. His face was hard and stern and there were traces of tears in his eyes. He was pulling fiercely at his pipe and the smoke ascended in clouds.

"A fortnight ago, sir," said the inspector, "a small five-ton yacht—or off that was left of her—drove ashore off

the coast of Spain. I daresay, sir, you saw some account of it in the paper."

"Yes, I think I did. I forget the details."

"The boat had no name, sir, and was unknown in that part of the world. Her mast had carried away and she was smashed to pieces on the rocks. There was no one on board and no papers were found in the cabin, but it was said at the time that she was English-built—how they know I can't say. Well, a week ago, sir, two bodies came ashore, one a man, the other of a boy. The boy had a life-belt round him, the man no belt at all. The authorities told there had been an advertisement in the papers, a week ago, his young lordship—and though the body had been a long time in the water the clothes answered to the descriptions given, and the boy's wrist was marked with a scar, and a Scotland yard. Mr. Murray went over there, and we have just had a letter from him. There seems no doubt that the bodies are those of Mr. Richard Merlet and his young lordship. In fact, Mr. Richard Merlet has been identified by some papers found in his pocket—papers which conveyed nothing to the Spanish police but which meant a good deal to Mr. Murray."

He paused. Erleigh's pipe had gone out, but his teeth still gripped the stem, biting hard into the vulcanite.

"When does Mr. Murray return?" he said slowly.

"He will, I think, be here tomorrow, sir."

"And he sent no cable when he had identified the bodies?"

"No, sir. This letter is the first information we have had from him."

"And Lord Arthur?" said Erleigh, speaking in a dull, even voice. "Was he not told when the Spanish police cabled to Scotland Yard?"

"No, sir. Mr. Murray thought it best to say nothing until he had been over to Spain to see exactly how things were for himself."

John Erleigh rested his chin on his hands. His face seemed very old and haggard, his eyes tired and listless. He could not even find relief in a furious outburst against Richard Merlet. There had evidently only been one lifebelt on board the little "yacht" that had been given to the boy. The girl that had wrecked the boat had been the act of God. He sat there staring at a silver bowl in the center of the table. He idly remembered that he had won it at Oxford in his college sports and that he had beaten Talbot by a yard in the half mile.

"Now with regard to Mr. Vertigan," Russell continued. "Mr. Murray says in his letter that there is no evidence against the man whatever, and that until we can find out definitely that he has had some share in this matter, he is to be left alone. So far as one can see, Mr. Vertigan has had nothing to do with it. He has been here all the time, has he not?"

"Yes—yes, of course—he has not been absent for a day."

"Well, sir, I think if I were you I should get rid of him. But, mind you, for all we know to the contrary, he is a perfectly innocent man."

John Erleigh made no reply. His mind was at Monkilver—he was looking at the woman he loved, stricken down by this crime, this hideous blow. He longed to be

there to comfort her in the hour of her great sorrow. Lord Arthur ought to have come first to him and they ought to have gone up to Monkilver together. Who had a better right to be with Lady Wimberley than the man she loved? But he had been thrust aside as a person of no account.

"I must go back to the police station now, sir," said the inspector, rising from his chair. "I will let you know directly Mr. Murray arrives. You will doubtless see his lordship before then. Sir, if I may say so, this sad business will be felt by the whole neighborhood, and our deepest sympathy is with her ladyship—yes, and with you, sir, as well."

"Thank you, Russell," Erleigh faltered. Then he buried his face in his arms and cried like a child.

Mr. Russell slipped quietly out of the room and encountered Mr. Vertigan in the hall.

"Hello, inspector!" said the science master. "Any news?"

"Yes, sir, bad news. His little lordship is dead."

"Dead? What do you mean, murdered?"

"No, sir; he and Richard Merlet were drowned at sea. Mr. Erleigh is in the dining room, sir. He will tell you all the details of the case. If you will excuse me, I am in a hurry."

He pushed his way past Vertigan, opened the hall door and closed it behind him. The science master made his way to the dining room, looked in, hesitated as he saw Erleigh with bowed head and outstretched arms, and then entered the room and closed the door.

"This is terrible, Erleigh," he said in a kind voice, "terrible."

The headmaster did not move. "I am genuinely sorry, Erleigh," Vertigan continued. "I suppose you don't believe me, but I am."

"Get out of here, you vile brute," he said, "or I may kill you. Sorry! Yes, of course you are, for now you won't have the chance to betray your accomplice—for £25,000. He is dead, and you—if you don't leave this room—"

He stooped and picked up a heavy poker from the grate. For a few seconds there was murder in his eyes. Vertigan backed toward the door.

"I—you are not yourself, Erleigh," he stammered. "I bear you no ill will. I am sorry for you—really sorry."

He slipped out of the room and John Erleigh stood motionless, still gripping the poker in his hand. Then slowly he replaced it in the grate and his teeth chattered as though he was really cold. Twenty years ago there had been murder in his heart—and he had not stayed his hand.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mr. Murray, looking pale and very tired, opened a brown bag and, taking out various small articles, laid them on the table in two groups.

In one he placed a silver watch engraved with the Merlet crest and a coronet, a thin gold chain, a pair of gold sleeve links, a gold stud, a gold locket and a silver pencil case. In the other he arranged a pipe, a tobacco pouch with

some initials on it in silver, a knife and a gold cigarette case with the Merlet arms engraved on it, a gold match box with the initials R. M. and a pulpy pocketbook.

"I have not brought the clothes with me," he said, "but they are in London and can be seen by any one who is in a position to identify them. There is enough, I think."

"Too much," muttered Russell, hoarsely. "The door of the library at Monkilver opened and Lord Arthur Merlet entered the room. He closed the door and walked to the table without a word. For a minute he stood there fingering the articles that had belonged to his nephew, picking them up one after the other and laying them down again. Then he turned to the detective.

"These things," he said, quietly, "were certainly in the possession of my nephew. I gave him the links myself. You say that if it were not for these and the clothes there would be difficulty in identifying the body?"

"Yes, my lord."

"But you did not know the boy. You should have taken me out with you—have told me directly the Spanish police communicated with you."

"I may have made a mistake, my lord, but, as you know, you can go out there now. I have given instructions for the bodies to be preserved for a time. The man was undoubtedly Richard Merlet, and the boy must have been his young lordship."

"Have you found out anything else since you wrote?"

"Yes, my lord. A Spaniard of the name of Garcia, a sort of secret service agent in the employ of the Government, saw the little yacht in Malaga and recognized Richard Merlet from the portrait which has been published all over Europe. Hoping to get the reward for himself, he did not communicate with the police, and before he could make arrangements to prevent the boat leaving the harbor she had given him the slip. He came the day I started home and identified the body. I do not think, my lord, that there is any room for hope."

"There is none," said Lord Arthur. "I shall leave for Spain tonight and make adequate arrangements for the poor boy's body to be brought back to England."

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(Continued Tomorrow)

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Evening Ledger

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A MUSICAL COMEDY—SING IT, WHISTLE IT, TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO

THE PIANO SAID SHE MUST HAVE BEEN WEARING HER EARRINGS

THERE WAS A POOR OLD LADY, SHE WAS STONE DEAF SO THEY SAY, BUT ONE MORN-ING SHE HEARD FROM HER DAUGHT-ER WHO WAS FOR-TY MILES A-WAY

REST

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